her sick headache. At the end of the evening, around midnight, an almost irresistible melancholy takes hold of me because of the lack of seriousness of all this and because Em. is not with me. I should have liked to leave and never did I so long to return to her. I thought also, amidst the laughter, of Paul's and my so calm and solemn vigil two years ago at Biskra. I wondered how I had formed such a definite decision not to have any personal melancholy and if it really was so definite. Instead of these dances and shouts, at this approach of the New Year, which we like to treat as especially impressive, I longed rather for communal prayers, for a service of divine worship, or merely for a serious vigil. Horror of everything that is not serious — I have always had it. What was Em. thinking of all alone, during this same time? . . .

*6 January (1896)*

I have been talking of hygiene with d'Annunzio. He tells me that he has never known insomnia, or at least never had to suffer from it. Fencing and riding keep him from it. He fences a great deal and often rides. Tomorrow he is to go to Vinci, Leonardo's village; it is a pilgrimage, he says, and invites me to accompany him. If I were not such a poor horseman, I should have taken pleasure in riding with him. Talking of irony, he says that he cannot endure it, that in using irony you oppose yourself to things whereas it is only through love that you penetrate them, and that that is the essential. . . .

With his meals he drinks only water; this is a hard worker's practice. On the other hand, he says that he drinks ten to twelve cups of tea a day. This morning, excusing himself for coming to the table in riding-habit, his elegance, his suave assurance, and his unselfconsciousness were charming.

*Rome*

This afternoon visited the horrible bulk of St. Peter's, I see Rome through Stendhal, despite myself. I have found the secret of my boredom in Rome: I do not find myself interesting here.

In Rome, saw especially the Palatine, the baths of Caracalla, the Sistine Chapel —but decidedly I do not like Rome.

The small bronze *Boy with a Thorn in His Foot* at the Capitoline Museum (the one on the right) near a statue of the *Diana of Ephesus* is a wonder beyond compare. I do not believe I prefer any ancient work to it — not even the *Niobe* of the Beaux-Arts or the *Sleeping Faun* in Munich. (I have since seen the extraordinary *Mercury as a Fisherman* of Naples.)

The very substance of bronze, smooth and polished like jasper, almost black, seems to lend to the contours a more intentional and dur-